

Beautifull NANCY:

O R,
The Witty Lads of *London*, who by her withstanding the
powerfull Temptations, was lawfully married, and be-
came an Alderman's Lady.

To the Tune of *The Gentleman's Frolick*.

Licensed according to Order.



A N Alderman liv'd in a City,
who kept a brisk beautifull Maid;
And she was so wonderfull witty,
her Cards she had cunningly plac'd.

For she hath advanced her Glory,
and a happy Life she doth lead:
If you will attend to the Story,
you'll find it most pleasant indeed.

Her Master one Morning came to her,
and toyingl, tickled her Knees,
He for his fond pleasures did wooe her;
Old Kats I must tell you love These.

Said he, my sweet pretty fac'd Nancy,
oh, let me enjoy my delight,
I have a desire and fancy
to lie by my Jewel all Night.



Kind Sir, I do strange and admire,
that you who are aged and gray,
Should have such an itching desire
to tempt the young Ladies astray.

Sweet Nancy thy amorous Beauty,
has set my whole Heart in a flame;
And tho' I am old thou shalt find me
a delicate Cock of the Game.

Besides I'll endow thee with Treasure,
as good as a Hundred a-year,
For being my Lady of Pleasure;
yet no one shall know it my Dear.

May Master you seek my undoing,
who am a young innocent Maid,
And were you to bring me to ruine,
oh, then you'd abuse me, she said.

Should I lay a Child to my Master,
in scorn and derision you'll cry,
If you the young Infant must foster;
I then in a Prison should lye.

I solemnly swear my sweet Jewel,
her Master he then did reply,
I wou'd not be counted so cruel,
oh, no my sweet Creature not I.

Believe me this day my sweet Honey
if such a thing happen to be;

I'll furnish thee streightways with Money,
and likewise a Lodging for thee.

I'll say thou art gone to thy Mother,
who lieth in Gloucester-shire;
Thus we the whole matter may smother,
and no one shall know it my Dear.

Said she, I'll not trust you nor try you,
nor never a Man above Ground,
One Night in your Bed to lye by you,
no not for fife Hundred pound.

Your proffers can be no Temptation;
to me that am honest and chaste;
There's never a Man in this Parison,
shall bring me to shame and disgrace.

He found she would not be deceived,
therefore he would tempt her no more;
A Marriage was streightways concluded,
her beauty he did so adore.

Her sumptuous Apparel made ready,
in Gloze she streight did appear,
The Aldermans Beautifull Day,
endow'd with Three Thousand a-year.

She lieth now in Triumph and Splendour,
nay likewise has pleasure at will;
For honesty, Ladies, commend her;
it is the best Policy still.

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